But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit:
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh;
To ſee me thus tranſ-formed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my Torch-bearer.

Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves goodſooth are too too-light.
Why, tis an office of diſcovery, Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd. *Lor.* So are you ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy; but come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the runaway,
And we are ſtayd for at *Baſſanios* Feaſt.

Ieſ. I will make faſt the doores, and guild my ſelfe
With ſome moe ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

Grat. Now by my Hood a Gentile, and no Iew.

Lor. Beſhrow me but I love her heartily.
For ſhee is wiſe, if I can judge of her,
And faire ſhee is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhee is, as ſhee hath proov'd her ſelfe:
And therefore like her ſelfe, wiſe, fayre and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſeate. *Enter Ieſſica.*
What, art thou come? on Gentlemen, away,
Our Masking mates by this time for us ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Whoſe there?

Grat. Signior *Anthonio?*

Anth. Fie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you:
No Maske to night, the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will goe abourd.
I have ſent twenty out to ſeeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight,
Then to be under-ſayle, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the Curtaines, and diſcover
The ſeverall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.

Mor. This

Mor. This firſt of gold, w
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gaine w
The ſecond Silver, which th
Who chooſeth mee, ſhall get as
This third dull Lead, with v
Who chuſeth mee, muſt give a
How ſhall I know if I doe c

Por. The one of them con
If you chooſe that, then I am

Mor. Some God direct
I will ſurvay th'inſcriptions
What ſayes this Leaden Cas
Who chooſeth me, muſt give a
Muſt give, for what? for lea
This Casket threatens men t
Doe it in hope of faire Adv
A golden minde ſtoopes not
Ile then nor give nor hazard
What ſayes the Silver with
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as
As much as he deſerves: pau
And weigh thy value with a
If thou beeſt rated by thy e
Thou doſt deſerve enough, a
May not extend ſo farre as to
And yet to be afraid of my d
Were but a weake diſabling
As much as I deſerve; why th
I do in birth deſerve her, and
In graces, and in qualities of
But more then theſe, in love
What if I ſtraid no farther, b
Lets ſee once more this ſayin
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine w
Why thats the Lady, all the w
From the foure corners of th
To kiſſe this ſhrine, this mor
The Hircanian deſerts, and th

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